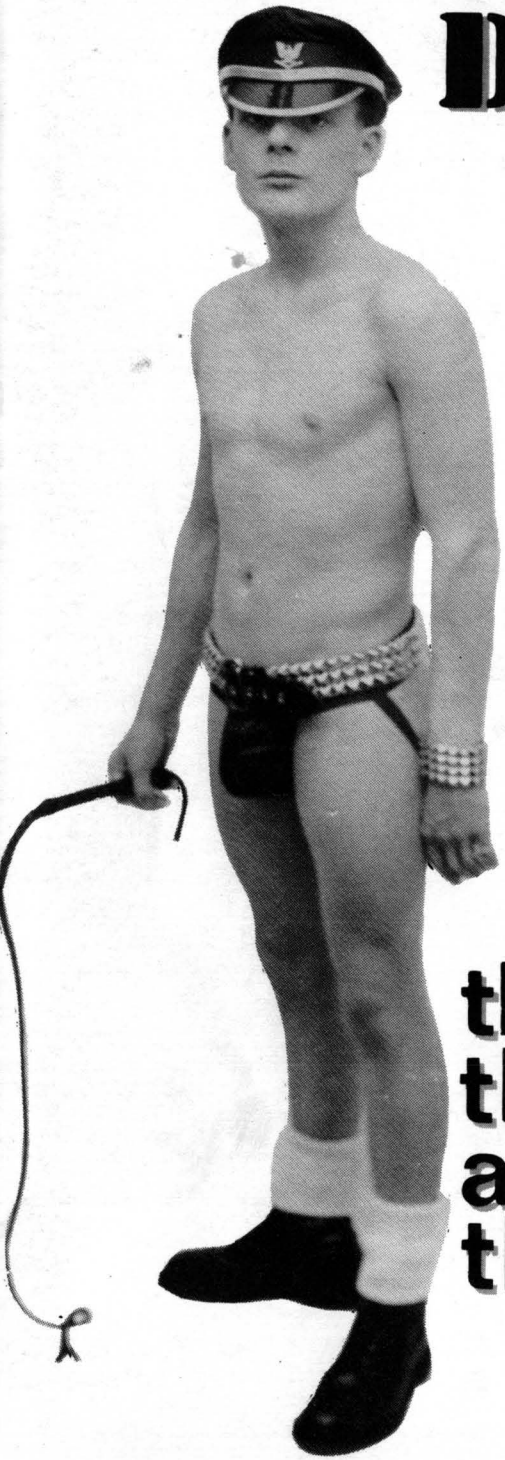


DUNCANS DIARY

from slave to Master.... the whole story....

the pain...
the passion...
and
the pleasure!

Dedicated to

Randy

An Introduction .....

Looking at me in a bar or across a crowded room it would be almost impossible to believe the un-controllable urges that drive men like me to fulfil their ultimate (if bizarre!) desires.

Although over 6' tall my general appearance is quite frankly that of a person considerably younger - in fact I'm resigned to being asked for identity or proof of age whenever I go into a bar or pub!

The few people who have seen me totally naked would confirm the almost total lack of hair on my body.

Just the lightest growth of hair around my genitals and the softest layer of curls growing in the region of my nipples confirms my post pubic age.

The rest of my body is as smooth and milky white as the day I was born.

Being a bit vain I've kept my hair cut short to emphasise the length of my neck and avoid distraction from my face!

The long eyelashes I have been blessed with simply serve to emphasise the sparkling deep blue of my eyes.

My life was to change forever after meeting Richard.

This is the story as I remember it.

I've done my best to keep it chronological, but as important or exciting events spring to mind I just write them down and tell you what happened.

I arrived in Langston during one of the hottest summers on record, and this particular day was proving to be exceptional. So much so that I was wearing the very minimum of clothing when I stepped from the coach.

It had been a long and tiring journey, and my tight lycra shorts clung to me like a second skin. The combination of heat and constant movement - together with memories of other events on this journey - had caused my manhood to swell and create an embarrassing bulge, clearly outlining every part of my sex.

I had cut - well, ripped really - the bottom of my tee shirt so that it hung in shreds just below my nipples, allowing the air to circulate provocatively around my middle and navel.

As I dis-embarked from the coach I remembered being brought to Langston as a small child - and had vague recollections of being both excited and overwhelmed at the time.

But that was long ago.

Since then I had remained in my quiet home town where nothing ever happened, only very occasionally venturing to the nearest large town in search of some excitement.

Rather than stay trapped in this deadly no mans land that my parents had decided was to be their home, I had decided on the spur of the moment to leave.

Well, not quite on the spur of the moment.

I had been feeling uncomfortable stirrings within my body for some time, and knew instinctively that I was different from the other lads. I became more and more obsessed with what I then considered to be un-natural desires.

My elder brother and I had experimented with each others bodies, and felt no shame at the simple sex acts we performed on each other. It was all part of adolescence after all.

But when my brother eventually lost interest in my body I felt desolated.

We shared a bed and as we lay naked side by side my longing for his attentions made me ache with desire.

If I dared to try and touch him intimately he would rebuff my attentions with some verbal insult about being "grown up now and passed that sort of thing".

He was a real hunky guy, and seeing him walk around the bedroom naked would drive me wild with desire. I would need to run to the bathroom and relieve myself manually.

It was on one of these occasions that in my haste to relieve the aching in my loins I had forgotten to lock the bathroom door. As I stood completely naked against the wall, my legs spread wide apart fervently beating my meat my Father walked in!!

He was furious, and shouted at me to stop this filthy self abuse. He grabbed me roughly by my arm and dragged me back to the bedroom where my brother was still nude and preening himself.

Being a powerful man my father had no trouble in throwing me on to our bed, where he ordered me to roll over on to my belly.

I had never seen him so angry, and it was the first time he had ever shown any sign of physical violence.

"Who showed you how to abuse yourself like that??" he shouted.

Without waiting for a reply, he turned on my brother

"Was it you?"

My brother, also shocked at my father's ferocious outburst, stammered

"Ye...Ye...Yes"

Then he hung his head in shame as if he had admitted to some awful, unspeakable crime.

Of course, to my father it was pure sin.

"I'm going to give you both a thrashing that you'll remember next time you start indulging in disgusting habits"

So saying he grabbed at my brother and pushed him on to the bed next to me.

"Stay there!"

We both knew better than to disobey or move, so we both lay there stark naked and dreading what was to follow.

My father left the room, slamming the door behind him.

Although we both wanted desperately to say something, somehow we knew that this would only make matters worse.

So there we lay, neither of us daring to make a sound.

Shortly my father returned carrying a thick leather strap.

"This was used on me by my father"

he said

"and the thrashing he gave me taught me a lesson I'll never forget."

His breathing was heavy, and he seemed slightly nervous.

"I hoped I'd never have to do this to you boys, but it's the only way you'll learn"

With this he brought the strap down hard across my brothers well rounded arse. As it landed his body arched with the sudden pain.

The a tremendous force of this blow caused the bed to move, and us with it.

I was terrified of what was to come, and lay trembling as my father walked around to my side of the bed.

I dared not look, and turned my head away.

As I turned I caught sight of the two of us in the large mirror.

The sight of two naked youths lying side by side waiting for a sound beating caused the aching in my loins to become more acute and I felt a new and strange excitement rising in my groin.

Then the hot pain seared through my arse cheeks as my father assaulted my virgin backside with the belt. My buttocks arching into the air was quite involuntary, yet my father took this opportunity to inflict another blow immediately, forcing me back down onto the shaking bed.

I buried my head and bit hungrily on the pillow, trying to understand why the pain and humiliation were causing my cock to throb un-controllably.

With my eyes tightly closed I could only guess at what was going on.

Then I heard my father walk around the bed.

It was over for me, at least for the moment.

The sound of the belt hitting my brother again made me moan - but despite the fear and anticipation of the pain I knew would be coursing through my body in a few moments I felt pure excitement and lust.

Yes, that was it!

Lust!

One half of me was dreading the moment when that fearsome instrument would land on my arse - and yet another part of me was close to begging for more and more!

I lifted my head and watched as my elder brother took his beating. I lay there fascinated - enjoying every moment of his suffering. Again and again the belt found it's target with unerring accuracy.

As I watched his beautiful round arse cheeks begin to glow with each stroke of the thrashing my excitement grew.

I thought that I was next in line for this fearful treatment and yet longed for the leather to violate my buttocks again, but for some reason I was to be spared the severity of my brothers punishment.

I felt somehow cheated.

Suddenly an overwhelming feeling of guilt and shame at what I was thinking made me jump from the bed.

Half crazed with sexual desire and pain I raced round the bed and grabbed at my fathers arm.

I knew that I could not possibly match his strength, but an un-known force was driving me.

"Stop, please stop" I cried as I tried to pull the strap from my fathers hands.

Grabbing hold of this fearful instrument of abuse and torture I fell to the floor in front of my father, and began to sob.

"Please, don't hit us any more ... please ... please ..."

My father released his grip on the strap, and as I crouched there, stark naked and with an aching rock hard shaft looking up to face him I was sure that he was hard!

Yes, there it was, an enormous bulge!

He must have known that I had seen his excitement, because he immediately turned and left the room.

I stayed kneeling on the floor, breathing heavily and trying to make some sense of the fantastic feelings of pain, lust and desire surging through my body.

The silence was broken by the sound of the front door slamming as my father left the house.

My brother and I were left alone in the house.

Without speaking I returned to the bed where my brother still lay, his arse red from the terrible thrashing he had received.

"You stupid bastard"

he hissed at me

"What were you doing in there to make him so mad?

"I was only .. "

I paused, embarrassed to continue

"You were jerking off"

he shouted at me as he looked at me at last.

He had been crying.

"I'm sorry, really I am, but I just couldn't control myself."

There was an un-easy silence ... then he spoke

"I know I made you do things to me .. but that was just kids stuff"

His face began to colour slightly

"It was just harmless fun .. at least for me"

As I watched him lying there, my urges and desires came rushing back, and I was now beyond control.

I had nothing to lose now.

"I'll do anything you want ... anything"

"Anything?"

"Anything at all - just make me ..."

My brother rolled over and his shaft sprung to attention

"How about taking this in your mouth?"

"I .. I .. "

It was then that I was grabbed by the ears and pulled down on to the throbbing raging shaft sticking up from the love forest between his legs.

I hungrily took the quivering shaft into my eager mouth as I caressed his ball sac. His thrusting pelvis forced the intrusion further into my throat and I gagged. Without thinking I jerked my head back to release the penetrating shaft.

My brother was angry and frustrated.

"I don't think daddy should have let you off so easily. I'm going to thrash the arse off of you!"

In a flash he was off the bed and rummaging around for his discarded jeans. He pushed me down to the bed with one hand as he withdrew his belt with the other.

My excitement was almost un-controllable at the feeling of being held down.

"Now get that arse up for a really hard belting"

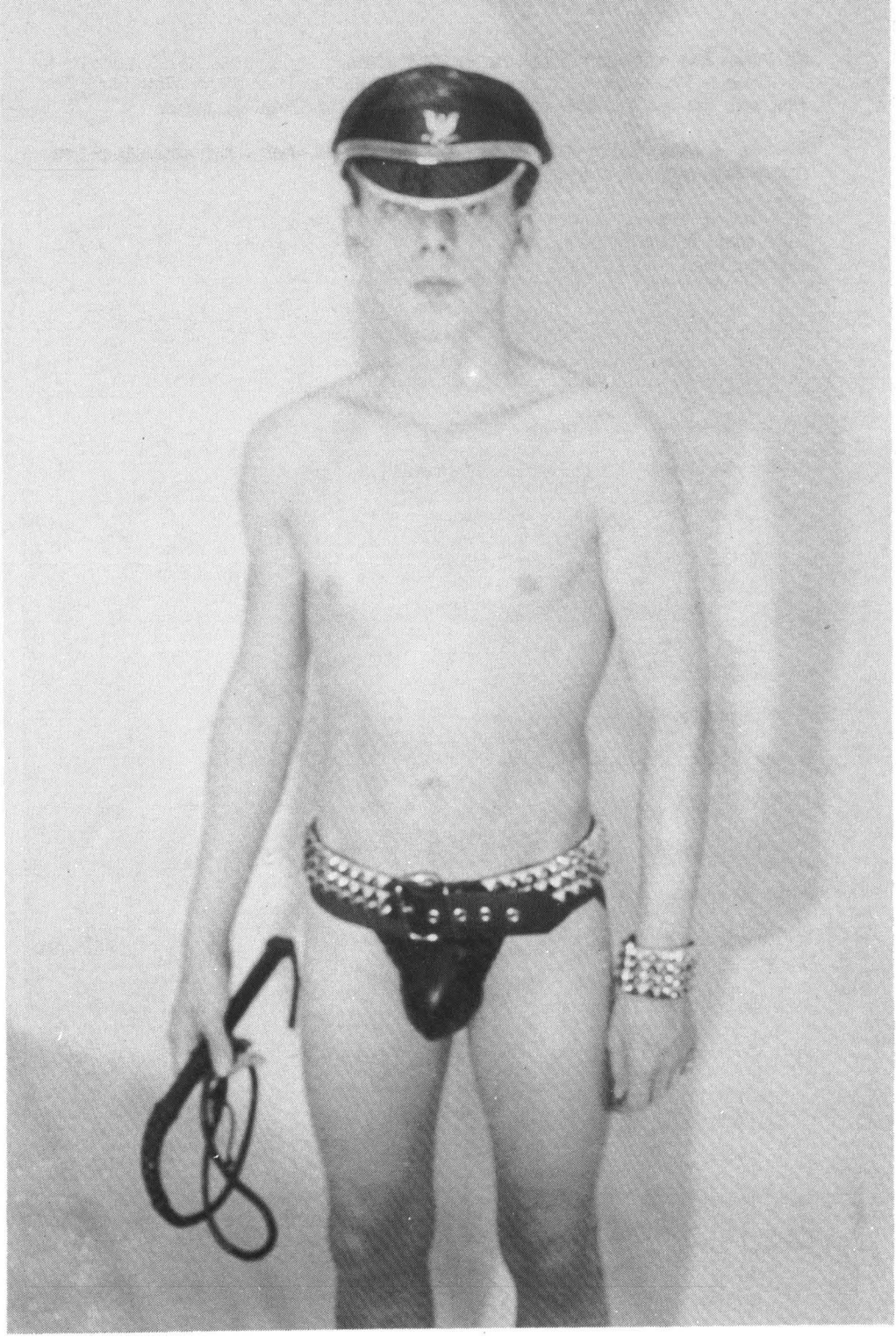
My response was immediate ... and willing ...

"Yes Sir..Oh, Yes Sir ...."

My father has never mentioned the incident since.

That was the one and only time that I felt the lash from my father.

However, I knew then – at that very moment – that what I had secretly craved for so long was not a feeling unique to me.



Like I said, I had been to Langston a long time ago. As it was about the only other place I knew anything about I guess it was the first place I thought of coming to.

I had a vague idea of what I was looking for, and hoped that I would find it here in the big city.

Being young, the juices were never far from making me feel almost unbearably frustrated. It may be difficult to imagine the terrible yearning that my thoughts evoked in me.

Like a fool I had made no arrangements or definite plans. I had packed the minimum of clothing - only enough for the summer - and left home.

Not without telling the family though.

The last person I told was my brother.

"Why d'you want to go and leave?" he asked.

"Cos I know what I want ... and I know I wont find it here"

"It's nothing to do with ... what we did?"

I'd never seen him so awkward about anything

"Not really ... well ... it's not what we did so much as that I want more of that sort of thing"

"You're kidding!"

He seemed genuinely surprised

"I know what I want" I said, trying to sound as defiant as possible.

"I've heard about guys like you ... you don't blame me do you?"

" 'course not!" I laughed as I hugged him.

Perhaps I held on a little too long, for he suddenly pushed me away and held me at arms length.

"You be careful little brother" he said

As I looked at his handsome face I wished things could have been different.

For all that we had shared we were so far apart.

I knew that I had given him sexual pleasures that he would never allow another man to bestow on him.

I knew that he had obtained real satisfaction from the beatings he had inflicted on me - although I nearly always had to beg for them!

I knew that he would consider this just a phase of growing up.

But I knew that he was wrong and that I was right!

He spun me around and put his hands on my shoulders, propelling me to the front door of our house.

Just a slap on the backside (how I wish it could have been more!) and I was off.

My parents had decided it was best if they did not see me go - I don't know if my father was guilty or just genuinely sorry.

Either way, when I left it was not to be a traumatic event for me.

That summer - as I have said - was one of the hottest for some time, and the heat was almost too much to bear.

I had originally planned to use the high speed rail service to go to Langston, but my strictly limited finances forced me to travel by coach, which although adding considerably to the journey time saved me a great deal of my savings.

The journey started un-eventfully.

I had just used up most of my meagre spending allowance and bought the latest cassette album by the new hit group ZAM, and fully intended to play it on my walkman for at least part of the journey.

I arrived at the coach station early, and secured myself a seat near the window. I always prefer sitting as near as possible to the front, and being first on board managed to sit just to the left of the driver.

As the rest of the passengers boarded I became aware of the looks my skimpy summer clothes seemed to attract.

Older women seemed to look at me, examine my shorts and then turn away as if insulted at what they had seen.

I looked down to see if anything was amiss, but all I saw was the wonderful bulge that nature had intended I should show!

One or two of the male travellers also paid some attention, but I thought what the hell! If they can't dress for the weather that's their problem.

No one seemed to want the aisle seat next to me.

Un-preturbed, I sat listening to my music, closing my eyes to avoid distraction.

Then I felt a body next to me.

I opened my eyes to see a smartly dressed guy in a pin stripe suit. He was talking to me, but of course I could not hear.

"Sorry" I said as I pulled the earphones from my ears

"It's O.K" said pin stripe

"Is anyone sitting with you?"

He smiled like one of those guys in the toothpaste ads on the telly!

"No. I'm on my own"

"Mind if I sit here?"

"No...no..."

I was at once stricken by his obvious good looks.

Pin stripe eased his way into the vacant seat and placed a very slim executive briefcase on his lap.

I noticed that his hands were not the hands of a working man - they were soft and immaculately manicured. He juggled with the combination locks and the case sprang open.

By turning the case slightly away from me he made it quite clear that he did not want me to see the contents.

He seemed to be studying a magazine or book, and I could tell by the intense expression on his face that he was completely absorbed in it.

I replaced the earphones on my ears, and made a pretence of listening to the music whilst all the time keeping an eye on the attractive man in the pin stripe suit sitting next to me.

Trying to seem un-concerned I was desperate to see what was in the brief case!!

I even pretended to close my eyes and peer through the tiny slits I had left for my observation.

But it was no good.

At the sound of the engine starting my thoughts left pin stripe and I began to have reservations about this new adventure.

Was I doing the right thing?

How would I survive in the big city?

What if all the stories I'd heard were true!

Sitting alone wearing the minimum of clothing and with much of my body exposed I suddenly felt terribly vulnerable.

Pin stripe seemed to be completely pre-occupied and un-aware of my existence.

As the coach lurched through the early morning vagaries of small town after small town the sun became higher and hotter, and as the heat of the day continued to rise so did my libido!

Then we were on a motorway.

I tried without success to sleep away the tedious journey.

After what seemed an eternity of utter boredom the coach pulled into a service area.

There was a considerable amount of shuffling and sorting as passengers began to dis-embark from the heat of the coach and head towards the rest rooms and dining facilities of the motorists oasis.

Pin stripe closed his case, conspicuously locked it and carried it with him as he descended the stairs.

I waited until he had left the coach, and still pretending to listen to the stereo sounds in my earphones was the last to leave before the driver locked his passengers out.

I had no idea where I was, only that this was the only stop before we reached Langston. I had a vague recollection of being told that this stop would be for about 30 minutes.

For a while I wandered aimlessly, then suddenly I realised that I had left my money back on the coach.

I went back to the parking area, but the driver was nowhere to be seen.

Trying to re-enter the coach proved impossible. Besides, in trying to obtain entry to a locked vehicle I was attracting the wrong kind of attention!

I went back to the service area, and through the window of one of the restaurants I caught sight of pin stripe seated alone at a window table.

His brief case was open on the table, and he seemed to be taking a more-than-natural interest in the magazine he was reading.

From time to time he looked up and glanced around as if trying to see if he was being watched. Then he noticed me watching him.

I smiled, and he beckoned me to join him.

Although he was only a short distance away, the journey to reach him was complex.

Hurriedly passing through corridors and aisles furnished with all forms of machines designed to relieve travellers of their small change I found myself at last seated at the table occupied by pin stripe.

By the time I reached him the briefcase was closed and sitting on an adjacent chair.

He was obviously more interested in me than his magazine.

"Hi - I'm glad you could join me"

Pin stripes voice sounded surprisingly warm and sincere, making me feel at ease for the first time for quite a while.

"My name is Richard ... what d'you call yourself?"

Being somewhat taken aback by this guy's easy going manner for a while I hesitated to answer.

Whilst I was making up my mind to speak his voice continued, but this time it was lowered to a confidential whisper.

"I couldn't help but notice that you seemed to be in a bit of a panic back there at the coach"

"I left my money inside - I couldn't get back inside and I need ...."

Richard swiftly interrupted by placing a strong hand over my wrist and squeezing me tightly.

"I think I know what you need"

The intensity of his smile as his sparkling blue eyes looked un-ashamedly into mine created intense feelings of desire in me. I was somehow immediately aware of the gentle power of this man.

Of course at that time I had no idea what these feelings meant, or what they would eventually lead me into. I just knew that I felt for the first time in a long while happy and excited.

I was inexplicably content and secure being next to this handsome stranger.

"I'm Duncan" I said, nervously holding out my free hand for him to shake. It seemed a bit formal, but being young I didn't know what else to do.

Richard released his grip on my wrist and eagerly accepted my invitation to shake hands.

"Hi, Duncan! Nice to know you! "

"Nice to know you ... Richard!"

It made me feel good just saying his name.

Richard held on to my hand as he stood up, releasing it only when it was necessary for him to avoid pulling me up from my seat.

"I'll get us some drinks"

he said, as he turned and disappeared into the crowd of travellers who seemed suddenly to appear around us.

His brief case was still on the seat.

My curiosity was getting the better of me.

What was so absorbing inside that case?

I knew it would take him some time to get to the service area and back, so decided to risk a quick glimpse.

Would it be un-locked?

Without further hesitation I reached for the case and pulled it onto my lap. In no time it was open, and I saw for the first time the subject matter that had been of such intense interest to Richard.

The cover picture depicted a man of in-determinate youth dressed as a slave, complete with black leather wrist and ankle restraints, head harness, and various other apparel.

I was stunned!

Instantly the familiar feelings of lust began to course through my body, causing an embarrassing swelling in my hot tight shorts.

Just this one picture began to fulfil the fantasies I had been creating in my mind for so long.

Hurriedly I turned the pages, growing more and more aroused as page after page picturing stunningly handsome young men dressed in various forms of leather restraints, being used and abused, flicked in front of my eyes.

I knew my face was beginning to flush with a strange combination of guilt, lust and excitement.

Just in time I looked up to see Richard returning with the drinks he had promised.

In a panic I quickly closed the case and replaced it on the chair.

Richard's manner was easy and confident as he offered me a full glass.

"Hope you enjoy this"

He said, lifting his own glass to his lips and savouring the cool contents.

He seemed oblivious to my state of excitement.

I lifted my glass and took a long drink.

I had been thinking how strange it was that this guy should be travelling in a crowded vehicle with no air conditioning when he was so obviously well-heeled why wasn't he travelling by train.

The silence between us was not un-easy, just a natural break.

As we continued to drink and smile at each other I felt my nerves relaxing, and shortly I had returned to a more comfortable emotional state.

I decided to find out more about this guy.

"Why did you travel by coach?"

I asked, trying to make the question seem more matter of fact than I really intended.

"Because of you"

he replied with a knowing grin.

His frankness surprised me. Feeling at once flattered and un-easy I continued

"I don't understand"

"I had booked to travel first class by rail to Langston, and had an hour to kill before the train left. I saw you at the coach station whilst I was walking around to kill time. I only just managed to get the last seat!"

I was taken completely by surprise!

He seemed to be totally at ease with this explanation!

I was aware of this guys natural authority when he spoke again.

"I like to think I'm a pretty good judge of ..."

Richard paused, smiled and continued simply

...character!"

Events were moving too fast for me, and I could not help myself from appearing un-easy.

"Don't worry, Duncan, I'm not trying to pick you up or anything .. at least not yet!"

His easy manner was dis-arming as once again he placed his strong hand over mine, and the feeling of reassurance returned.

Richard glanced deliberately at his expensive wrist watch.

"Time to get moving"

His hand went to my shoulder, and I instinctively leant into his grasp, accepting this as his signal of control.

As he turned to collect his briefcase my heart missed a beat!

In my hurry to close it I had left part of a page trapped and it was sticking out like an accusing finger.

Without a word Richard opened the lid, re-arranged the pages of the continental fetish magazine and closed the case.

We walked together back to the coach and resumed our seats.

Nothing was said for what seemed an eternity.

Not until we had travelled several miles on the motorway.

It was Richard who broke the silence.

"Where are you staying in Langston?"

"I've got nothing planned. Why?"

"Well I think I know somewhere you might enjoy, and I know you'll be made .... welcome"

Again the deliberate pause, filled with innuendo.

What was I getting into?

"There's nothing to worry about"

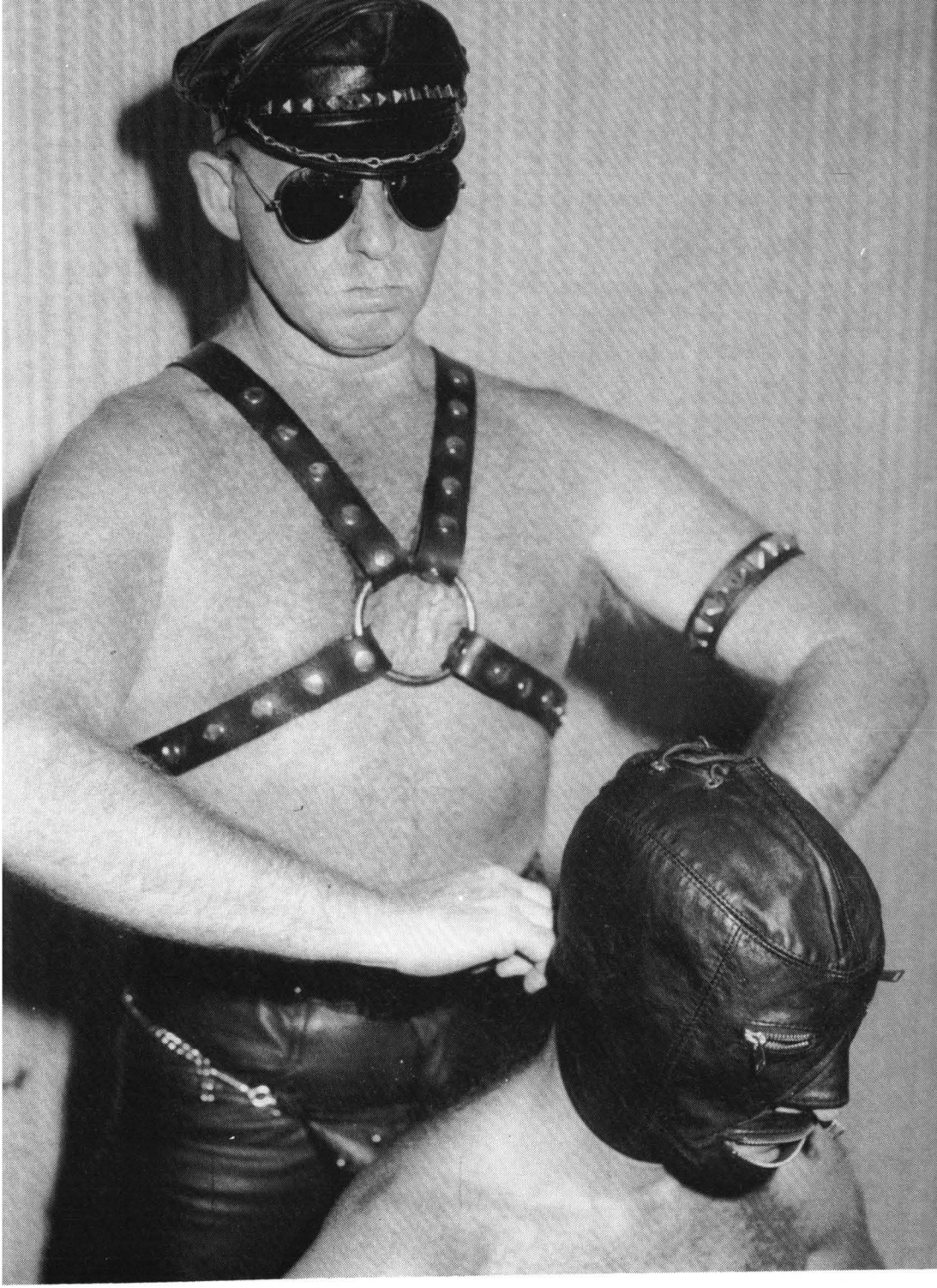
said Richard noticing my look of obvious concern.

"I'll take you there as soon as we arrive in Langston. I know the people very well ..."

his voice softened as he seemed to be remembering

"....very well indeed"

What the hell ... I needed to stay somewhere!



That's how we came to be standing here staring in at this window.

Chez Doma was deliberately sited away from the tourist centre of Langston, the proprietors confident that their wares and services would be eagerly sought out by the aficionados of their particular fetishes.

Yes, only genuine aficionados like Richard (and I was soon to become) would normally enter these hallowed portals!

But for the few lost tourists who happened to wander into the secluded backstreets of Langston and stumble across this highly original supply house some remarkable surprises were in store for those who dared to venture in!

The subtle window display advertised a bountiful supply of specialised goods for the initiated - but to an outsider it would appear as just another sex shop with perhaps a more extensive range.

The broad collar and dog lead that the leather clad mannequin wore around the long well formed neck was really turning me on!

As I stood transfixed by the vision ahead I became conscious again of Richard standing beside me.

"What do you think of him?"

It was Richard's soft masculine voice in my ear.

I turned to face him.

"Fabulous!"

was all I could manage.

Suddenly memories of years of secret desires began to surface.

The half forgotten dreams when I fantasised being made to wear this fantastic erotic gear.

I desperately tried to picture myself wearing the black leather garments displayed so evocatively in front of me.

I was suddenly very aware that Richard knew what was in my mind, and despite all my attempts to prevent it the blood rushed to my cheeks.

"Don't be embarrassed"

Richard's voice was powerful and yet re-assuring

"I know what you need, and if you're willing to undertake the training I'm sure my household and I can provide you with the kind of life style you'd like to enjoy."

I had spent many agonised hours wondering how I would ever overcome my shyness and enter into the world where I could live out my exciting fetishes, and suddenly here in the back streets of Langston a new possibility was being offered just for the asking!

I was certain that this stunningly attractive stranger knew full well the power of the intense desires raging through my body ... knew just what was in my mind ... knew of my almost un-controllable urge to be dressed as a slave and made to serve.

It was a fantastic chance, and I knew that I could not let it pass.

Oh yes, I knew that I was being invited by a complete stranger to enter into an un-known situation and that it might be dangerous ... but something about that danger made the attraction even greater.

The confidence that Richard exuded somehow assured me that despite everything I had learnt so far this man could be trusted.

I remembered back to the fetish book on the subject and recalled the one sentence that had seemed to leap from the page and stuck in my mind vividly.

I turned to Richard, and with considerable trepidation repeated the one sentence that had burned in my mind:

"I want to serve you, Master!"

As soon as I had said the words I felt the excitement beginning to rise again, and hung my head subserviently, longing for the reply I had waited so long to hear.

Then Richard - obviously satisfied with my reply - spoke

"After you'd seen my book I knew straight away that you were right for my scene - the look of longing in your eyes told me the rest. I'm right aren't I? "

I began to blush slightly, and in a soft voice said

"Yes, Oh Yes! "

Richard continued

"Shortly you shall come to my house and we can discuss your training in more detail. But first we'll pay a visit to my friends here at Chez Doma. Follow me"

With that Richard turned and entered the shop as if he owned it, confident that I would follow obediently and without question.

I found out later that he did own it!

Chez Doma stocked the most sophisticated selection of equipment and leather gear, selected from all over the world.

There was nothing that the most demanding customer could ask for that could not be supplied at a moments notice.

The manager and his young assistant showed Richard the greatest of respect, and were genuinely in awe of him. They seemed to know that I was a novice, and treated me as such.

Richard spoke to the manager

"I'm taking Duncan to the house. Dress him in suitable street clothes"

The young assistant took me into a back room. Without speaking he took great pains in measuring every part of my anatomy.

Then he left me alone.

After a while he returned carrying a small bundle of clothing.

"Change into these"

he said as if he expected obedience without question.

And so it was.

As he watched, I pulled the ripped tee shirt over my head and dropped it onto the floor.

The assistants mouth formed a small smile of satisfaction at the sight of my half naked body.

I knew that I was expected to continue without protest, and rather than jeopardies my opportunity I decided to play along.

Slowly and deliberately I removed the clinging lycra shorts, and couldn't fail to notice the young assistants intake of breath as I bent forward and stretched my arse cheeks. My exposed cherry was being studied with intense interest, and as soon as my excited sex rod sprung forth and my balls hung free from their constriction I knew that he was beside himself with sex lust.

With a deft movement my trainers were off and I at last stood stark bollock naked.

I took it for granted that this youth would have no jurisdiction over me, so I walked over and casually took the jeans from the top of the pile.

In no time I was dressed in skin tight jeans and tee shirt, with shiny 18 hole DM's.

The assistant made a gesture of camaraderie, and gently stroked the bulge forming under the jeans.

Then I was taken back to the main shop where Richard and the manager were deep in conversation.

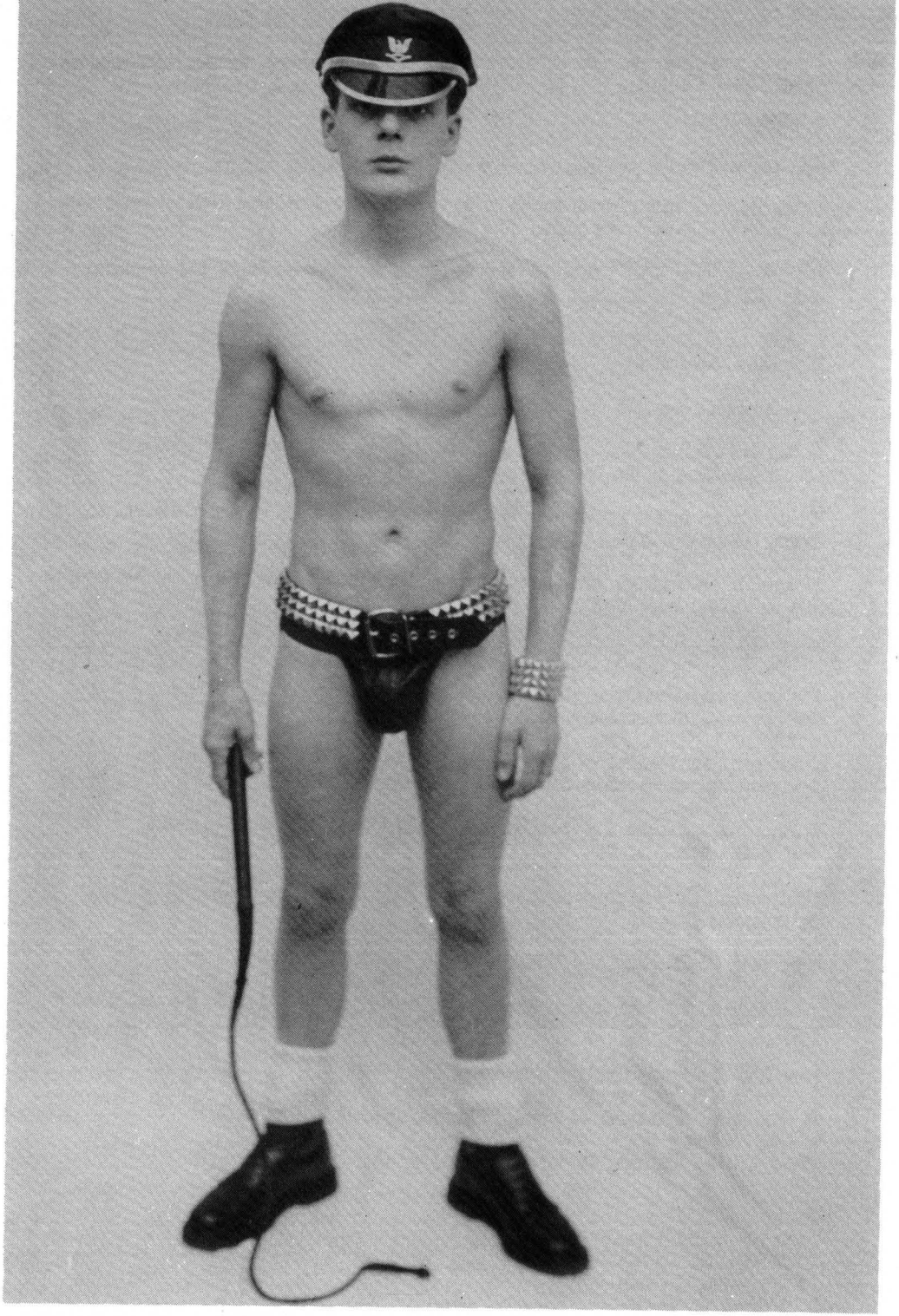
"Great" said Richard

"Let's go"

with that he turned and left the shop.

I followed.

That's how it all began.....



I followed Richard through the maze of small narrow streets of Langston until we reached our destination - A large detached victorian building overlooking an unkempt square.

The house, like the square, was protected by wrought iron fencing.

An entry-phone was discreetly placed at the entrance gate, and after pressing the call button Richard spoke softly into the microphone.

I could not hear what was said, but almost at once the sound of the electronic locks releasing and a small movement of the gate allowed us to enter.

A short walk along the pathway and up a short flight of stone steps took us to the impressive front door.

As soon as we reached the door it swung open.

It had been opened by a member of Richard's household dressed in a uniform almost identical to the one shown in the window of Chez Doma.

Richard spoke to the person who had opened the door and now stood respectfully looking straight ahead.

"I have a new member for our household. Advise your Master Larry and ask him to join us in the main hall"

"Sir Yes Sir"

The young and stunningly attractive leather slave answered as he closed the door and proceeded to locate the Master Larry.

I had only the briefest of moments to stare in wonder at the leather clad creature provocatively moving along the corridor in response to the command.

Richard led me along the corridor and eventually opened the door leading to the main hall.

"Wait here" Richard commanded as he took hold of my arm and propelled me to stand against a wall.

With that Richard left the hall.

It was dimly lit, and it took some time for my eyes to adjust to the low ambient light.

How long I waited there I don't know.

My mind was in turmoil at the anticipation of what was to come.

There was no restraint on me.

I could just walk away right now, and there would be nothing (as far as I knew!) to stop me.

But something deep inside of me prevented me from running away.

Then he returned.

The sight of Richard dressed from head to toe in black leather started a fire of lust inside of me.

His black boots glistened as he moved. The shiny peak of his muir cap prevented me from seeing his eyes, but I was aware that he was studying me closely.

Just behind him followed two slaves, each dressed in a leather slave harness. In such a low light it was difficult to make out any detail, but I was surprised to see that the pouches covering the slaves genitals were padlocked, just like the rest of their harness.

Without being ordered, these slaves moved to a position each side of me.

These two were to be my slave guards.

Richard moved to the end of the hall where two throne-like chairs were sited. These were upholstered in the finest black leather, and finished with awesome looking steel embellishments.

I stood in silence with a strange feeling of reverence as I watched Richard take his place and sit in one of the throne chairs.

It was not long before another person entered the hall from one of the doors close to the throne chairs.

The new arrival was dressed completely in black rubber expertly designed to allow a provocative display of naked flesh. The designers expertise had been such that the on-looker should have no doubt as to the gender of the wearer!

I now felt it harder and harder to control the sheer physical excitement growing within me.

At a movement from Richard the two guards moved closer to stand each side of me.

Soon would come the order that would begin my new life.

"Bring our new guest to us"

It was Richard's gentle yet authoritative voice that gave the order, and at once I felt the strong grip of my guards as they propelled me along the hall.

Standing now in front of the two Leather Masters I felt my breathing pattern shorten as beads of sweat formed on my brow.

Again it was Richard who spoke:

"Welcome Duncan. You are here to serve us as a slave, and from this moment on you will forget any meaning that your previous lifestyle has for you."

Pausing slightly to consider the effect he was having, Richard placed his hand on the arm of the rubber clad figure sitting beside him.

"This is your Master Larry, and you will be taught to obey and serve him as you will be trained to serve and obey me"

Richard turned smiling towards the handsome guy sitting by his side.

"Do you approve of my choice?" Richard asked.

"From what I can see he looks like an ideal trainee" he replied.

After a short appraisal he continued:

"Have him stripped completely naked so that I can make a decision. If he is to be of any use to us you know what he will need to show!"

The Master Larry seemed pleased with the distress that this comment caused me, but he like Richard was confident that this new subject was desperate to undergo such humiliations.

It was Richard who gave the order

"Strip him"

The guards were eager to obey and take full advantage of the situation, for they too seemed to be had been excited by my arrival.

The bulges in their slave harnesses were straining the leather and padlocks to the limit!

Yet they also knew that the stripping of me was to be a ritual – a deliberately slow ceremony designed to provide the on-looker with the maximum of enjoyment and excitement whilst causing the hapless subject the maximum of humiliation and embarrassment.

These guards were experienced at this ritual, and took great pleasure in positioning themselves and their victim in such a way as to provide the on-lookers with an un-interrupted view of the proceedings.

I was to be spared no humiliation as eager hands slowly lifted my arms to allow the removal of the close fitting tee shirt to reveal my hairless chest adorned with rich red bold nipples.

As soon as I felt the cool air on my naked flesh I knew that my nipples were growing harder and that soon they would be pierced and ringed as the slave guards were.

Each of the guards took one of my wrists and without un-buckling my belt forced my hands into the front of my jeans. I felt the throbbing shaft at my fingertips, but instinctively knew that despite my desperate need I was not allowed to touch it or manipulate it.

The guards then stood between the on-lookers facing me.

In one movement the guards dropped to the floor in front of me and with their hands firmly grasped behind their heads proceeded to remove the laces from my DM's. It was a slow and difficult task, and it seemed to give the Leather Masters a great deal of pleasure to watch the new arrival stand patiently with my hands close to my rising shaft as two scantily clad leather slaves struggled at my feet.

The sound of gasping slurping and grunting grew louder as tongues and teeth tried to remove the laces and store them in their mouths.

With this task completed the slaves dutifully crawled to the Masters seated at the leather thrones and sat awaiting the instruction they had been trained to expect.

In fact there were two possibilities at this point, and they knew it!

If their performance so far was satisfactory they would be ordered to spit the soiled objects now filling their mouths on to the floor.

The command would be

"Spit" and the leather slaves sat hoping that this would be the word they would hear.

Of course, this being a house of training there was an alternative command!

If they had not pleased their Masters they would hear the command

"Swallow" - an order they both dreaded.

The delay on this ritual however was longer than usual, and the obedience of the slave guards was being tested to the limit.

They both knew how severe the punishment would be should either of them dare to make any move at this point in the proceedings. They were fully aware of how aroused their Leather Masters would be right now, and anything that happened to spoil this would warrant the most awful consequences.

At last Master Larry broke the silence

He turned to Richard and said in a light yet terrifyingly cruel voice

"Our new trainee shall choose!"

Richard smiled at him, and after a moments thought nodded his agreement.

"But first"

He said as he rose from my throne chair and walked to stand before me. "Let's ask our knew trainee what he thinks of their performance."

Richard's large but gentle hands caressed my swollen genitals through the tight denim which encased them so provocatively.

"Have they performed well so far Duncan?"

"I ... I th... I think so"

I stammered

"You will address us as Master"

The idea of having both a Leather Master and a Rubber Master was more than I could have ever hoped for, and now I was only too willing to subjugate myself to their requirements

"Yes, Master"

"That's better.

"Now, do the slaves swallow or spit before continuing to strip you? Have they performed satisfactorily so far?"

I thought carefully about the consequences of my reply.

If I said no then I knew that the slave guards would be made to swallow the soiled laces still soaking in their mouths. The thought of these leather slaves struggling to swallow a part of his clothing whilst I watched filled me with an un-comfortable excitement.

But ... I also knew that I would most likely be left alone with them later. The possibilities of their revenge did not bear thinking about. I addressed my new Leather Master

"Yes Master .. they have performed most satisfactorily"

Richard seemed satisfied and returned to his throne chair.

"Spit"

As soon as the Master had issued his command the two young leather slaves immediately choked the foul intrusions from their mouths and gasped for air.

Without changing their subservient kneeling position they sat with heaving chests and watering eyes.

This was the kind of treatment that had made them worship their Masters and remain loyal slaves in their service.

"Return to your duties"

Richard ordered.

The two slaves sprang to their feet and returned to work on me.

Again they dropped to their knees.

This time they used their mouths to remove my sweat laden socks.

Again they crawled and knelt before their Masters to await the instruction.

This time there was no delay.

"Split"

The Master ordered.

After depositing my socks on the floor they returned to their victim.

One stood in front and the other behind. Almost without moving their lips an in a very soft whisper they said in unison

"Thank you"

As the leather slave standing before me softly caressed the swollen area of my crutch the one behind reached around to release the buckle of my belt.

Slowly and tantalisingly the belt was released and drawn through the loops of my skin tight denim jeans, all the time pressure being maintained to keep my excitement at fever pitch.

Then practised hands felt for the zipper, and as this was slowly lowered the pressure eased from my hands still resting at the tip of my now painfully throbbing organ.

I gasped as at last my rock hard manhood sprung forward and my sac hung free.

The colour rushed to my cheeks.

Being the first time I had been seen naked in a group before, I had to fight my natural instinct to cover myself.

Somehow, with a super human effort, I managed to keep my hands resting on my stomach as my moist tipped rod bobbed freely in the air.

Unconsciously I threw my head back, closing my eyes tightly as if this would prevent his exposure to these people.

The leather slaves continued to pull down my jeans, and soon my legs were being gently lifted one at a time until at last I stood totally and completely naked.

Master Larry turned to Richard and said

"He is magnificent. Truly magnificent"

I was flattered, frightened and confused all at once.

I had been aware that I was blessed with larger than average sex organs, but was surprised myself at the size my love rod had reached.

Never before had I been so excited by anything, and never before had I felt so sexually rampant and hard. The aching in my shaft as the foreskin strained over the wet throbbing cock head was sending me into spasms of sheer lust!

He stood up from his leather throne chair and approached me my shaking excitement grew more intense.

I closed my eyes, partly from fear, and partly to prevent an explosion from my rock hard rod.

Larry spoke.

"You wish to belong to us - to be trained as a leather slave?"

I managed to open my eyes and look at my new Master. Still blushing, humiliated by my nakedness and servility I answered softly

"Yes please Master. Yes please"

"You must be tested thoroughly before we can accept you. You must be able to serve your Masters in whatever ways we demand."

Master Larry turned away and gave an order to the leather slaves, still standing obediently to attention.

"Dress the new slave and bring him to my chamber."

Master Larry paused, gave the pair a knowing look and added:

"You know the penalty for interference!"

A look of fear came over the pair as they remembered the extreme suffering they had been forced to endure as a result of the one time they had taken advantage of a new charge. They had sworn never to repeat the offence, and to this day never had.

The Master tenderly grasped my throbbing rod of manhood and squeezed it gently as he addressed me.

"If Master Larry accepts you then I will expect you to be brought to me. I have chosen you - but you now have to prove that you are more than an average stud. You have a very difficult task ahead. Train your mind to believe that you have the ability to perform in whatever way you are ordered, no matter how humiliating or perverse it might seem to you."

I looked into my Masters face and knew that I needed to serve this person and Master Larry more than anything else in the world. I struggled to prevent the beautiful movements that Richard was performing on my man shaft causing me to explode. I knew without being told that this was something that must be earned - that only my new owners could allow to happen.

Richard continued

"Your own sexuality must be subservient to our needs, and your body will be treated in the manner appropriate to our needs. You will learn to submerge your own feelings and think only of the needs of your superiors. Now go and be prepared for your new life"

With that I was taken away to the dormitory which was home to the house staff.

We eventually stood in the ante room where we had stopped at the open doorway leading into the dormitory.

I was surprised that they did not enter the dormitory at once.

All I could see ahead of me was simply a long hall with beds along each wall.

There were no bedside cabinets and no lockers or closets.

There was a door at each end of the room, but no windows.

The taller of the guards spoke to me for the first time.

"It is forbidden to enter the dormitory unless completely naked. You will wait here until we are prepared to enter."

With that, the two guards pressed a button on the wall and waited for another, higher ranking slave to arrive.

This new slave carried the keys to their harnesses. The two guards stood patiently as he began to remove their scanty garments.

I was not prepared for what I was about to see.

The taller of the guards was a beautiful and hunky young man with the sexual equipment of a horse! The foreskin had been cut back to form a tight restriction over the shaft. His body was totally devoid of any body hair.

How he could have had such a length constrained in the slave pouch I had no idea. The torment and suffering must have been extreme.

The other, shorter guard was also perfectly formed with a firm young body, again devoid of any hair. His thick cock had the longest foreskin I have ever seen!

Both of them had thick rings through their pierced nipples.

It now occurred to me that each of these remarkably handsome leather slaves had been specially chosen and trained to develop the attributes that the Masters demanded.

As I gazed upon the two visions of perfection standing totally naked before me I knew that very soon I would be just like them - a product of the training program that would change me forever.

The taller of the two guards approached and took me by the arm. Then he spoke, gently yet with total authority

"Duncan, you are now to become like us. I welcome you as a brother leather slave. You will be made into a slave under our control. The Masters have told you what to expect, but it falls to our responsibility to ensure that you provide them with the service they demand. Now you may know our given names. I am Peter and this"

He turned to the beautiful naked male standing beside him

"is Paul."

Peter took hold of my arm.

I felt myself being led through the door and into the dormitory.

Soon we stopped at a bed halfway along the hall.

"Now you must be prepared for Master Larry"

It was Peter who spoke.

I found himself strangely aroused by his soft voice.

Then Peter said to me

"This is your bed. Lie on your back and spreadeagle"

I obeyed, and as I did so my guards secured me in position using the restraints which were a permanent feature of all the beds in this dormitory.

It was not long before I had every hair removed from my neck down.

I was turned over and soon even the hair of my crack had been expertly removed.

Scented oils were then massaged deep into my young skin, different regions receiving a different type of oil.

The restraints proved more than necessary as the young couple anointed the intimate regions of my sexuality.

I was fitted with a highly sophisticated lower garment made of the finest leather which at one and the same time contained my over generous sex organs yet allowed them to be available for any purpose by the judicious use of various concealed fastenings. As with all of the garments worn by inmates the rear crack was always available!

And so it was that I arrived at the door leading to the bed chamber of Master Larry.

Peter and Paul - still naked - who had escorted me so far, knew full well that they would be allowed to go no further no matter how much they would have wished to!

After Peter had gently knocked on the door he and Paul stood back.

After receiving the order to enter I turned the handle and entered with great trepidation.

I felt slightly awkward, but the excitement as I approached my Master wearing this enforced uniform made me determined to overcome any difficulties.

As I passed by a full length mirror I caught sight of myself for the first time since I had arrived here.

The effect was stunning. I knew from the remarks of the other leather slaves that the Masters considered my body was to be used for their pleasure in whichever way they demanded.

Master Larry was lying completely naked on the bed, his legs wide apart, the rich growth of fine pubic hair growing down from his navel and surrounding the enormous rock hard love shaft serving only to emphasise my enforced lacking and subservience.

With the slightest movement of his hand Larry beckoned me to his side. Standing so close to my Master and seeing him in such a provocative pose caused me great discomfort as my excitement began to rise un-controllably. But when my Master made a deft pull on the special pouch retainer my manhood sprung forward with the tip glistening in anticipation and the ball sac hanging free.

Obviously pleased, he spoke softly as he took hold of my neck chain and pulled my head down towards his pulsating love shaft.

"I know that you are hungry and ready serve. But first you must learn to fear the pain of punishment when you fail to satisfy."

So saying he pushed my head away from the massive organ I so desperately needed to satisfy, then pulled me to stand beneath a chain suspended from the ceiling.

I was quickly secured by the neck, allowing a limited amount of movement.

Then I was soundly thrashed.

The pain was excruciating, but there was no let up until my new Master was sure that I had reached my limit.

I was released from the chain, and my Master resumed his evocative position on the large bed.

"Come here and pleasure my body "

An order I obeyed instantly.

Again the chain around my neck was pulled.

My mouth opened greedily.....

On the following day I was taken to the chamber of Master Richard.

"I have heard excellent reports about your service to your Master Larry"

said Richard.

"Thank you Master"

I replied.

I had been put into a full head harness, slave harness and boots. From the belt of the slave harness hung a mouth gag and blindfold ready for immediate attachment to the head gear.

"You certainly look the part - now it is time to learn if you are completely suitable"

Richard picked up the large rubber butt plug which had been just out of my sight.

It was obviously well lubricated, and I could only guess at the pain I would feel when it would later penetrate my virgin hole.

Again I felt the juices rising and swelling in my lower regions. But there was to be no release for me just yet.

I was gently forced down on my knees with my head in Richard's crotch.

"Use your tongue on the zip and take out your prize" The Master ordered.

Through the mouth hole in the head harness I hungrily obeyed, and was shocked at the length and girth of the hard shaft I knew I had to take into my throat.

I remembered back - how long ago was it now? - when I had craved for the attention I was now getting.

After a long time of eating the Master's magnificent meat the blindfold and mouth gag were attached, depriving me of my senses.

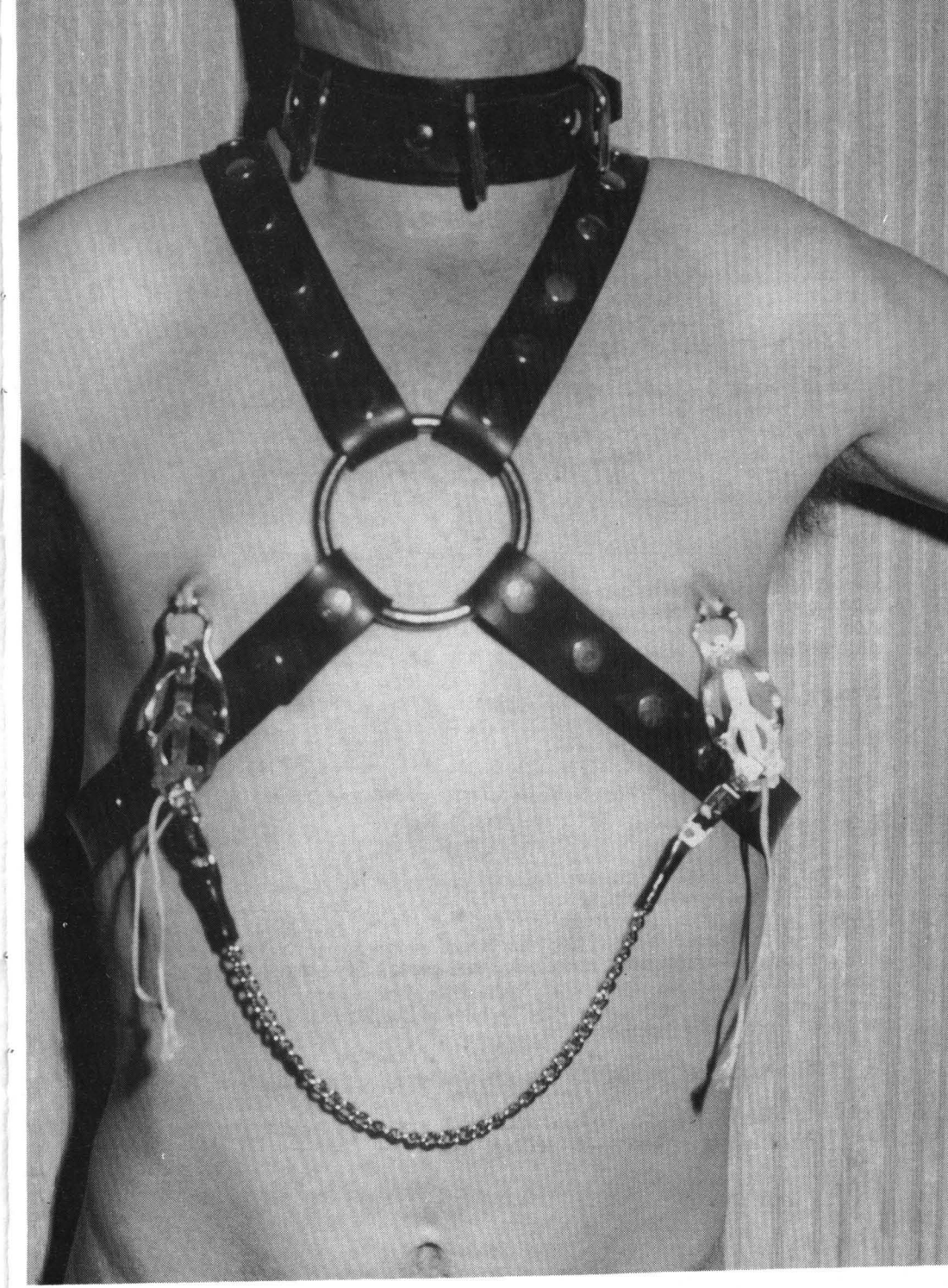
My slave harness ensured that the butt plug was kept in place, and the pouch covering my rock hard cock and tethered balls was locked secure with padlocks.

My newly pierced nipples still ached with the weight of the chains connected to the rings.

I was stretched and secured spreadeagled on the big bed.

As I lay there, I was fed with poppers, and this made my cock throb with pent-up desire.

From time to time my Master would fondle the leather pouch, making me squirm and beg for relief.



The complaint.

According to the rules, there was always resort to the complaints procedure, presided over by the Leather Master of course.....

When Duncan returned at the appointed hour Brandon was already in the Leather Master's punishment room together with two Level 3 slaves Graham and Greg.

"I have decided on a course of action to settle this matter in the traditional ways."

The Leather Master paced the room.

"Brandon, Level 3 slave Graham and Level 3 slave Greg are all accused in Duncan's complaint"

"All three of you will come to me for un-locking - now!"

barked the Leather Master.

The youths immediately obeyed and stood without moving before the Leather Master.

The padlocks securing the cock pouches in place were removed, making the youths ready for instant access to their privates.

The Leather Master continued his orders:

"Brandon stand in the middle of the room"

Brandon obeyed.

"Brandon bend forward, hands behind your head ... and spread those legs wide!"

Again Brandon obeyed.

"Duncan stand in front of Brandon and open your slave pouch. Brandon knows what he has to do, don't you Brandon?"

"Sir, yes sir!" Brandon replied, then his mouth remained open whilst Duncan took up his position. Duncan opened his slave pouch and his beautiful and rock hard sex organ sprung forward. Brandon's mouth hunted for Duncan's excited member and when it reached it's target closed over it eagerly. Then his head was still. Brandon had been well trained.

The Leather Master now turned his attention to the two other young men.

"Level 3 slaves Graham and Greg you will fetch your broad leather straps and be ready to thrash Brandon on my instructions. Now!"

"Sir, yes sir" Graham and Greg said in unison as they left the room.

Duncan was surprised that these two youths would be prepared to run through the corridors stark naked – but he had a lot to learn about this place. He was still highly excited at having his hard cock in the mouth of Brandon, who had remained in his submissive position for some while now.

Graham and Greg returned carrying their much feared broad leather straps, and stood to each side of their victim Brandon.

The Leather Master was pleased with the arrangement – four youths about to submit to his will and by their mutual humiliation would continue the strong tradition of His ultimate training.

The Leather Master addressed Brandon:

"You will now satisfy Duncan as he has satisfied you. Your mouth is full so you cannot acknowledge my order, but you know the rules and you know the penalty of failure. Level 3 slaves Graham and Greg will now begin to thrash you until you have completed your task."

At this Graham landed a cut on Brandon's backside causing the recipient to begin moving his head vigorously, desperately trying to bring Duncan to climax in the shortest possible time.

Brandon choked back a scream when Level 3 slave Greg brought his broad leather strap down to cross the previous mark.

Duncan grew more excited as he watched this young man being thrashed by his underlings. He had learnt through his many hours of masturbation the techniques and pleasures of holding back his climax, and realised that this was a chance to make Brandon suffer until he was satisfied.

Level 3 slaves Graham and Greg dutifully continued their abuse of Brandon's backside with their broad leather straps whilst Duncan grew more and more excited by the convulsions of the body that was giving him so much pleasure.

Brandon looked up at Duncan with tears in his eyes as the violation continued, begging for an end to the intense pain that was racking his body. He knew that he was honour bound to endure his suffering, and used every muscle in his mouth to try to bring this boy to climax and end this torture.

Duncan now played his trump card and addressed the Leather Master.

"Sir, Brandon cannot satisfy me as I have satisfied him. I ask that he be relieved of his duty."

"Stop the thrashing" the Leather Master commanded.

Graham and Greg were relieved and amazed – relieved because they had never beaten anyone for so long and their arms ached with pain; amazed that Duncan had been able to hold out so long.

Duncan pulled away from Brandon, leaving him beaten and dejected, gasping in great lung-fulls of air as his whole body quivered and heaved.

"Sir, look at this sir" Duncan showed the Leather Master his rock hard cock.

"I don't think I have failed, sir, have I ?" said Duncan.

"No" the Leather Master acknowledged "you certainly have not failed this test - but that leaves the problem of Brandon. He has failed in his task and should be replaced. This would upset our whole social structure. This must be avoided at all costs."

The Leather Master walked over to Duncan and gripped him by his naked shoulders and addressed him earnestly.

"If you give Brandon another chance, I guarantee that he will change his ways towards you - that is a personal promise. What do you say Duncan? "

"Right, sir" Duncan replied, "but could you tell Level 3 slave Graham and Level 3 slave Greg to lay their broad leather straps on a bit heavier please?"

The Leather Masters response was to order Level 3 slave Graham and Level 3 slave Greg to do just this on his command.

Duncan again stood before the wretched Brandon and holding his rigid shaft pushed it into the waiting mouth. Duncan grabbed the back of Brandon's head and pulled it towards him so that he felt the swollen head of his rampant cock reach into the ravaged throat. Brandon gagged, but knew this was his last chance to maintain his status. He had seen this happen to other men in the past and knew what the consequences of failure were.

The level 3 slaves Graham and Greg, now refreshed by the short interlude resumed their thrashing with a vengeance, and at each stroke forced Brandon to work frantically.

Suddenly Duncan's body arched and began to spasm violently - he screamed "Oh Yes! Oh Yes! Oh Yes!" as he grabbed Brandon's neck again and forced an even deeper penetration as the juices pumped from his young body. Level 3 slaves Graham and Greg ceased their punishment as the climax occurred.

It was over.

As Duncan withdrew and doubled up with ecstasy and exhaustion Brandon fell to the floor in a crumpled heap, his hands reaching for his ravished buttocks.

Level 3 slave Graham and Level 3 slave GregGreg sank into the nearest available seats and put their heads into their folded arms.

The Leather Master stood and watched, satisfied.

He then sat at his leather-clad throne.

After some considerable time the Leather Master spoke.

"All of you will now stand before me"

Brandon, Level 3 slave Graham and Level 3 slave Greg, all naked stood in before the Leather Master. Duncan joined them, pulling on the zip of his slave harness.

The Leather Master looked directly at Duncan. "Did you enjoy that" he asked.

"Very much sir" Duncan.replied.

"Then you will understand why Brandon makes you service him in this way" The Leather Master continued.

Brandon had seen and heard all this before, and despite his intense suffering managed a wry smile.

The Leather Master went on:

"Duncan, here we do not go crying to anyone who will listen just because there is something about our institution we do not like. We have a long tradition of making strong and resilient characters out of the most mediocre subjects. I promised you that Brandon would be behaving differently towards you, and I'm now going to fulfil that promise. You are to be moved into Brandon's room as his personal slave. You have witnessed today his incredible resilience, and you are going to learn from this. You are to be at his beck and call day and night for whatever purpose he demands."

Duncan was stunned. He had expected anything but this.

The Leather Master continued "Right, Duncan, take off your clothes, and then kneel in front of Brandon"

Duncan obeyed.

The Leather Master then ordered Level 3 slaves Graham and Greg to take up their broad leather straps.

Duncan opened his mouth in readiness for the onslaught he knew was to come. It was at this moment Duncan knew that he had found his true destiny as a leather slave.

The new initiate

It was the day that Kevin was to be taken to a trainee Master, Lance, to be broken as his personal slave.

Two level 3 guards, had charge of Kevin.

They grabbed at Kevin simultaneously.

Each of them held an arm as they propelled the nearly naked boy through the seemingly endless corridors which would eventually lead to Lance's room - the room where so many lads had begun their life of leather fetish.

As they entered Lance's room with Kevin in tow it was immediately obvious that the right choice had been made. Kevin was far and away the finest specimen of manhood that been offered to Lance so far - in fact Lance was convinced that this was a once in a lifetime opportunity!!

And he was determined to make the most of it!!

Lance ordered the guards from the the room, leaving Kevin alone with this tall cruel looking trainee Master.

Standing almost naked in just his brief underpants Kevin felt desolate and frightened.

"What's your name, boy?"

Lance demanded.

"Kevin" managed - very quietly.

Lance moved towards Kevin and revealed the broad leather strap that until now had been concealed behind his back.

"Put your hands behind your head boy" Lance ordered.

Kevin obeyed.

"You will begin and end every sentence with Sir when you are in my presence boy! Do I make myself absolutely clear boy!".Lance screamed at Kevin.

"Yes, sir" Kevin replied.

Lance moved to stand just behind Kevin,raised his experienced right arm and swiftly brought down the broad leather strap to give him a hard cut on his backside, the thin fabric of the underpants providing no protection whatsoever from such a severe blow. Kevin jerked forward as the pain racked his perfectly proportioned arse cheeks.

Instinctively he brought his hands down to rub his arse and try to ease the intense pain.

"Back as you were!" barked Lance, emphasising the order with another cut of the broad leather strap across Kevin's arse.

Kevin could have no idea that the broken blood vessels this beating had initiated would be forming the first of many wheals that were later to be admired by the privileged few.

"Let's try again boy" – Lance was insistent that his rules were to be obeyed to the letter – "You will begin and end every sentence with Sir – now try again boy. Do I make myself absolutely clear boy?"

This time Kevin got it right:

"Sir, Yes Sir"

"Good boy Kevin. You are going to be my slave Kevin. Do you know what that means Kevin?"

"Sir, no Sir" Kevin truthfully replied, although he had a good idea of what might be in store.

"It means" Lance began "that you will serve me and obey every order I give you no matter how demeaning or humiliating it might seem to you..Outsiders would consider my treatment of you barbaric and intolerable.

However, here we do not have to answer to anyone other than our immediate superiors. You are privileged to have been chosen, and the Masters will ensure that you perform your duties without question.

Have you anything to say Kevin?"

"Sir, No Sir"

Kevin knew that anything he had to say would not help him, and that his best interests would be served by what he knew he had secretly craved for so long ... to be a virtual slave to this obvious young and experienced sadist Lance.

Somehow Kevin managed to remain standing with his hands behind his head, at the complete and absolute mercy of Lance.

Lance was now ready to put Kevin to his ultimate test.

"Take off your underpants" Lance ordered.

Kevin knew that to disobey would incur more punishment, and dutifully pulled down his underpants and stood completely naked in front of Lance.

Kevin could not help but notice the sharp intake of breath as Lance realised just how perfect his new slave appeared to be.

This naked youth excited Lance as no man had ever done before.

Lance stood in front of Kevin.

Lance surveyed his trainee.

Kevin was everything he had ever hoped for - perfectly proportioned - virtually hairless - and above all else vulnerable!

"Stay exactly as you are and do not move" Lance's voice was controlled but contained an element of intense desire.

Lance could not control himself any longer and committed the ultimate sin - he found himself fondling and caressing the most intimate parts of Kevin.

Kevin responded in the natural way - his excitement grew and so did his erectile gland.

"Touch your toes and spread your legs" Lance ordered.

Kevin obeyed, and it was the moment when Lance began to finger and penetrate his virgin hole he realised that he had considerable assets.

Lance reached up, grabbed Kevin's right hand and drew it towards his own hard and throbbing member.

Bending forward like this, his naked body ready for the initiation he had heard about Kevin knew what Lance wanted, and was determined to make the most of this opportunity.

He knew he must make his Master happy.

The intruder

On a special night the order of this idyllic leather haven was interrupted.

Being an election night every member of the household was assembled in the main chamber. All the formalities were completed except the sex-mate ceremony. At Richard's command the assembly formed into ordered lines.

The Leather Master could choose any person as his sex-mate except for previous Leather Masters and their sex-mates. These were invited to join the Leather Master at his place of honour. As was the tradition of the leather chapter the sex-mates of past Leather Masters stripped naked and knelt at their feet.

A silence fell over the assembly as Richard started his inspection. Everyone knew the ritual and stood respectfully at ease as Richard passed among them.

Richard stopped in front of a very nervous new recruit who was obviously 'with' the other member to his left. The young lad knew he was being appraised, and hoped that he would not be chosen - not because he did not want the honour of being a sex-mate to the Leather Master, but because he felt already emotionally attached to the guy on his left!

"Strip"

Richard's order was obeyed instantly, and the boy was soon standing stark naked before the Leather Master.

"Spread your legs wide boy" the Leather Master ordered.

As he obeyed the youngster felt the eyes of everyone in sight converge on his manhood. He could not control the swelling, and soon his cock was rigid and throbbing.

"Turn around, bend down and show me your arsehole" Richard ordered as he grabbed the boy by the shoulder and propelled him in a spin.

Again the boy obeyed, and when Richard began to explore the exposed young cherry with his finger the pain and discomfort the hapless victim displayed made it obvious that this lad was still a virgin.

"As you were boy" Richard instructed, gently removing his probing finger and turning the lad to face him.

"What is your name boy?" Richard asked.

"Robert, sir" the lad replied.

Richard then turned to the young man on Roberts left hand side.

"And what is your name?" Richard asked.

"Paul, sir" the young man replied.

Richard spoke to Paul as his new Leather Master.

"Paul, I am giving Robert to you as a sex-mate. You will use him as you wish but you will also honour him. You will use no other member of this gathering or any other person as a sex-mate. It is done."

Paul was delighted and excited

"Thank you, sir" he said humbly.

Richard now addressed Robert.

"I am giving you to Paul as his sex-mate. You are to honour and serve him, obeying his every wish. Kneel at his feet."

Robert obeyed.

"It is done" said Richard as he began again to move amongst his people.

Paul and Robert were the only couple to be united by Richard that night.

Richard had six other guys strip naked for him as he inspected the dozens of macho hunks paraded before him.

After careful deliberation Richard choice was down to just three guys, so he dismissed the rest of the gathering to the outer chamber to await his final decision.

Finally the three naked young men stood before Richard to await his decision.

Richard made them all present themselves to him in a variety of humiliating positions, as well as proving their staying power.

The final decision was difficult, but at last Richard decided to take Christopher as his personal sex-mate. The two remaining candidates were instructed to dress and join the gathering in the outer chamber.

Richard spoke now to his new sex-mate:

"Christopher I have chosen you as my sex-mate for the next term. You are to be for my use only, and I expect the highest standards of performance from you at all times. It is done."

"Thank you sir - I will be honoured to serve you" Christopher replied in a respectfully low tone.

Richard summoned the rest of the gathering to return to the main chamber and pay their respects to his chosen sex-mate. Christopher stood with his legs apart and his hands behind his back next to Richard his new Leather Master. He knew that it was his duty to maintain a strong erection for the leather chapter members had to kneel down and kiss the head of his cock as they filed in.

As the last leather chapter member kissed Christopher's beautiful cock head Richard grabbed at his shaft.

"That will be the last time anyone else will get to touch any part of you for the next term - it is done" he said.

The evening continued as a celebration of Richard's election and the choosing of his sex-mate.

Suddenly the celebrations were interrupted by two level 3 slave guards dragging Tony into the main chamber. Tony was struggling fiercely but was no match for the heavily built guys who had discovered him on the staircase. He was roughly manhandled and made to stand before Richard.

"We found him spying on us" said one of the guys holding firmly onto Tony.

"I was not spying" Tony said -

"the door was open and I just came in to see what was going on. I'm sorry."

"What are you doing here" barked Richard.

"I told you, I just saw the door open and my curiosity got the better of me and that's the truth" replied Tony looking around for a sympathetic face - then he saw Christopher standing looking at him - and he was stark naked!

"Christopher, what are you doing here" Tony shouted.

"He is mine" said Richard

"what is it to you?"

"He's my boyfriend" said Tony.

Christopher was ashen faced, but knew that he was not allowed to speak without the Leather Master's permission.

Richard spoke to the captive Tony

"Well he's not anymore. And I'm going to get to the bottom of this spying of yours"

Then Richard spoke to Christopher

"What have you got to say for yourself - have you spoken about this place to anyone?"

"No sir - I promise sir - I honestly didn't know that Tony was here - and I still don't know why he's here" Christopher said nervously.

Again Tony struggled to try and free himself, and screamed at Christopher

"Help me - let's get the hell out of here! I'm not going to let that bastard have you! I'll kill him first!"

But it was no use. The leather chapter members holding him were well trained in preventing any escape.

"Take him downstairs" ordered the LeatherMaster.

Christopher watched with knowing apprehension as Tony was taken to the downstairs chamber he knew so much about. He had been lucky enough to avoid a punishment visit, but if only half of what he had heard was true then Tony was in for a really rough time.

Tony soon found himself in the dungeon located in the bowels of the earth below the leather clan's headquarters. With practised expertise he was rapidly stripped naked and secured in the large wood chair which was the centre-piece of this dank chamber. Heavy leather straps held his arms in position and his legs wide apart.

Richard arrived to begin the interrogation. He had witnessed the techniques used here, and was well aware of their effectiveness. Tony was startled when two powerful lights were switched on and focussed on him. He screwed up his eyes and moved his head from side to side in an attempt to avoid the intensity of the light.

Richard looked admiringly at Tony - he was impressed by the perfectly formed body with just a hint of body hair in contrast to the thick growth surrounding his oversized cock. Tony's balls were laid out temptingly between his firm young thighs, and as Richard's eyes moved up to take in the smooth skinned torso securely strapped into the interrogation chair he noticed that Tony's large nipples were beginning to swell. This was one of the most handsome guy's that Richard had come across, and he knew that if Tony had been a member of the household he would by now be his sex-mate. But he had to put such thoughts out of his mind if he was to live up to his responsibilities as the Leather Master. In no time he had fastened vicious clips onto Tony swollen nipples and from the groaning knew that he would not have to wait long for the pain to take effect.

Tony was left alone in this room, securely fastened to this chair with the intensity of the lights and the growing pain on his nipples causing beads of sweat to begin to form on his forehead. How long he endured this first assault on his senses he had no idea, but felt a sense of relief when his captors returned. He knew he was innocent of spying, and was sure that he would be believed.

Richard the Leather Master reached towards Tony grabbing one of the nipple clamps and twisting it. A screech of pain left the victims dry throat as he thought his nipple was being torn off.

"Now, who are you spying for?" demanded the Leather Master.

"No one - please - no one" Tony sobbed.

Richard repeated his question, this time twisting the other nipple. Another scream from Tony convinced Richard that the clamps were having the desired effect. Again Tony pleaded his innocence.

"You'll make it easy for yourself if you tell the truth" continued the Leather Master "did you follow Christopher here tonight"

"No honestly, I promise you I came across you by accident. You've got to believe me , pleeeeeeease..." Tony began to scream as he felt the sudden rush of pain as the nipple clamps were removed. Never in his life had Tony endured anything as painful. Again he started to beg

"Please, please, please, no more, ... I wasn't spying, honestly I wasn't ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh"

The Leather Master had a nipple in each hand and was twisting them in opposite directions. He spoke quietly to his victim

"You are going to remain here tonight Tony - and to prevent to from walking in your sleep you're going to be made really secure."

Tony knew that he was too weak to struggle after his ordeal, and put up no resistance as he was released from the chair.

No sooner was he free of this bondage than he was expertly trussed up skilfully in rope. The guards seemed to take great pleasure in forming the knots and creating a completely escape proof harness. His arms were pinned to his sides and his legs made totally immobile. To add to his indignity his cock and balls had been tied apart and the constant handling had brought about a massive erection.

Chains hanging from the ceiling were fixed to the ropes securing his shoulders, and he was now completely helpless and standing before his captors. Richard gave Tony a push in his back, forcing his victim to swing very slightly forward. Tony was frightened that he would fall forwards onto his face, but the strength of his bonds held him firmly in position.

Looking at the beautiful sight of this god-like creature helpless and available gave the Leather Master a feeling of growing excitement. He longed to take hold of that enormous throbbing cock and squeeze those fabulous balls, but knew that if he was to have those pleasures he would need to break this guy totally and completely. He taunted his victim

"I am now going to leave you to re-consider your story. I shall be taking your Christopher to my rooms where he will learn the meaning of being abused. If you do not give me some honest answers when I return then Christopher will be joining you for the interrogation. It is done"

At this the slave guards pushed a ball gag into Tony's mouth and fitted a full head-mask. Deprived of his senses Tony would suffer the longest night of his short life. He desperately needed to move, but the only freedom he had was his fingers and toes. At least the aching that his erection had caused was subsiding as his large cock became flaccid. He strained to hear any sound, any sign that he was not alone. But the silence was total. His emotions went through everything from anger to self pity. Eventually he began a fitful sleep, waking completely when he felt the urge to piss. The events of the past few hours began rushing into his terrified mind and his stomach knotted as he realised that the nightmare was real. Suddenly the gush of his hot piss hit the stone floor and he felt the warmth of the liquid form pools around his feet. He felt the hotness building up between his legs and fought without success to control his movements. The air became acarid, and in a fit of panic he tried to struggle to escape his bonds and even to try to scream. But he had under-estimated the expertise of his captors. Movement was impossible let alone escape.

There was no more sleep for Tony.

The sound of the door opening was the most welcome sound Tony had ever heard in his life. At last he would be released.

Tony heard the sound of lowered voices and people moving about, but nobody seemed to be taking any notice of him. With a great effort and despite aching jaws he managed to make a gurgling sound to try to attract attention.

The intense cold and high pressure of the water being used to hose him down made Tony gasp and draw the ball gag further into his open mouth. The water played over every part of his body. The relentless torrent went on and on, only his hooded head avoiding the treatment. As soon as the hosing had finished Tony felt his arsehole being violated as an enema tube was pushed way up inside. He was to endure two internal washes and a final hose treatment before he felt the head-mask being removed.

It took Tony some time to adjust to the light and blinked violently - his eyes were red from crying. As the ball gag was taken from his mouth he began to gasp and sob. As the chains were released from his shoulder the leather chapter members had to support Tony to stop him from collapsing on the wet floor.

Tony was lifted and taken to a rough wood bench where he was laid down. The leather chapter members slowly released the rope harness from Tony, and as Richard the Leather Master watched he was pleased to see that there was no sign of a struggle. Tony just laid there like a beaten dog, slightly sobbing.

As Tony looked around the chamber he saw that Christopher was strapped into the interrogation chair. The leather chapter members secured wrist restraints and then stood Tony facing Christopher. Tony's arms were raised over his head and fixed to ceiling chains.

Richard the Leather Master stood between Tony and Christopher. He looked at Tony and began his interrogation again

"Why did you follow Christopher and come to spy on us"

"I didn't, honestly" Tony's voice was weak

"it was an accident, oh God I wish I'd never seen this place. Please believe me, please, please, please,...." his voice became weaker and weaker.

"Let's see what Christopher has to say about it" said the Leather Master as he turned to face his seated prisoner. The nipple clamps were used again to inflict their terrible pain.

Tony cried out

"Please don't hurt him, please, don't hurt Christopher. Please, I'm begging you. I promise you I'm telling the truth. Please don't hurt him"

Tony was struggling in the chair, his restricted arms desperately trying to reach the torture instruments hanging from his swelling nipples. He was gasping and groaning, gritting his teeth to prevent himself from crying out.

Then it was Tony turn to begin struggling. Weak as he was he was determined to try and save his lover from this torment. His fingers were clenching and he began to kick out. He screamed

"I'm telling the truth - let him go please. Don't hurt him. Please."

Richard the Leather Master was convinced that Tony was telling the truth. As the clamps were removed from Christopher's painful nipples the pain forced a scream from the helpless lad.

"I believe you Tony. Now, tell me who does Christopher belong to.....?

An extraordinary meeting of the leather chapter was called that evening.

As was the tradition the sex-mates were naked.

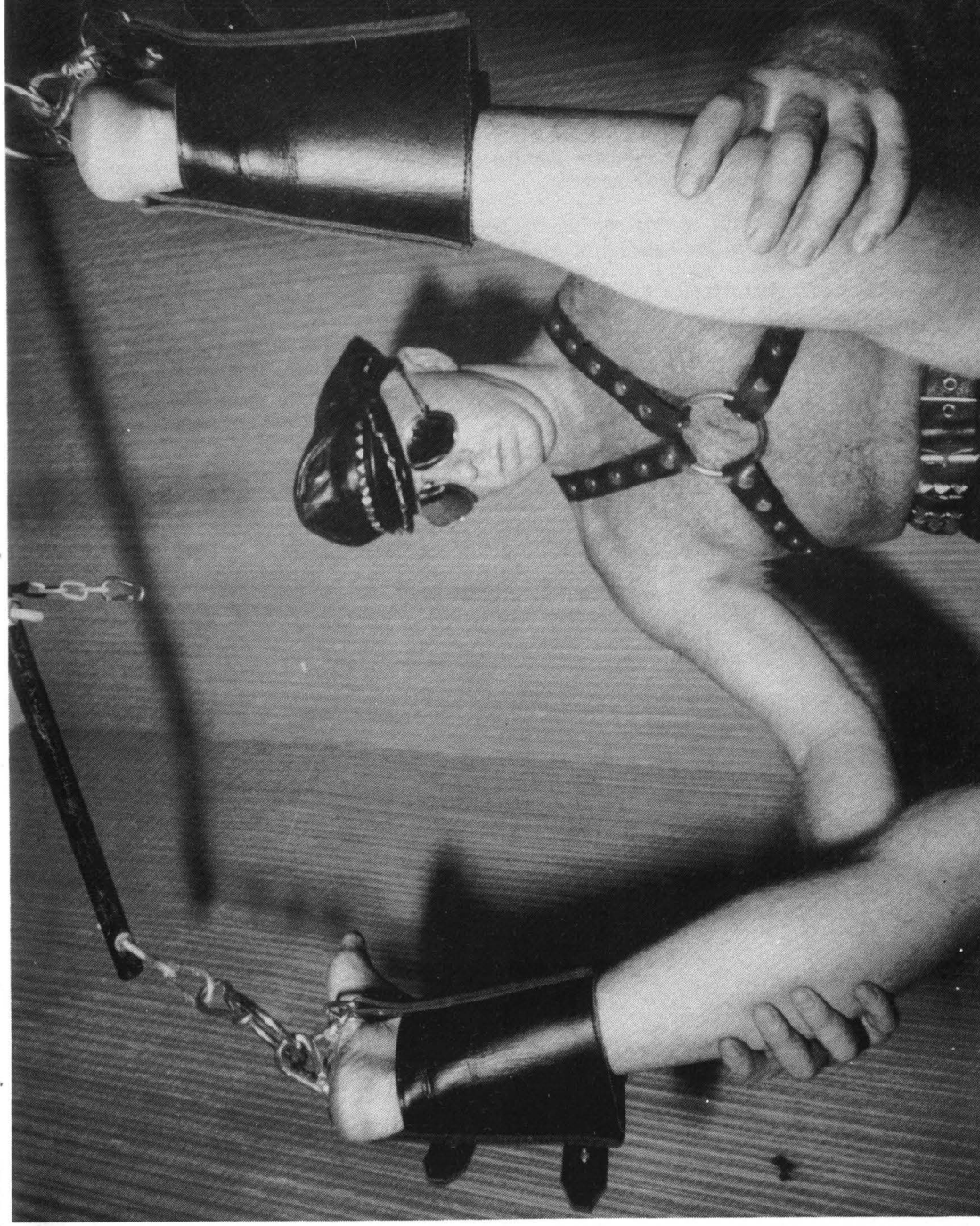
Christopher stood naked beside Richard the Leather Master as proud of his fine body as he was of his new position.

Richard addressed the assembly

"I have an announcement for you all. Last nights problem has been satisfactorily resolved." he made a sign and Tony was brought into the chamber.

"Tony, show the leather chapter members what your position is here" ordered Richard.

Tony hesitated, then began to remove his clothes. When he was completely naked he joined Christopher kneeling at the Leather Master's feet.



It was several months later that I stood behind the large front door awaiting the return of my Masters Larry and Richard.

Dressed in the latest bizarre leather and rubber creation that my owners (for this was how I now considered Master Richard and Master Larry) had forced me to wear I felt a new kind of excitement.

I knew that it was at last my turn to prove myself a true and obedient leather slave assisting in the training of a new initiate.

The sound of the buzzer brought the entire household to a frenzy of last minute preparations.

It was told that there would be a new trainee arriving today.

At last it was time for me to open the door and admit the new arrival brought here by my owners.

Without appearing to move, I looked at the beautiful blonde guy standing between his new Masters.

Was this lad to become a member of this household as a slave?

Without thinking I glanced down at the leather pouch covering my swelling cock and heavily filled balls.

The padlocks holding the pouch in place began to sway in rhythm.

I felt into the special extra pocket that had been fitted to my slave harness, just to make sure the keys were still there.....